

### The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold  
 Their graund commission ; where I found *Horatio*  
 A royall knauery, an exact command  
 Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,  
 Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,  
 With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,  
 That on the superuise no leasure bated,  
 No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,  
 My head should be strooke off.

*Hora.* I't possible ?

*Ham.* Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,  
 But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

*Hora.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villaines,  
 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,  
 They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,  
 Deuisd a new commission, wrote it faire,  
 I once did hold it as our statists doe,  
 A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much  
 How to forget that learning, but sir now  
 It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know  
 The effect of what I wrote ?

*Hora.* I good my Lord.

*Ham.* An earnest coniuration from the King,  
 As *England* was his faithfull tributary,  
 As loue betweene them like the palme might flourish,  
 As peace should still her wheaten garland weare  
 And stand a Comma tweene their amities,  
 And many such like, as sir of great charge,  
 That on the view, and knowing of these contents,  
 Without debatement further more or lesse,  
 He should those bearers put to suddaine death,  
 Not shriuing time alow'd.

*Hora.* How was this seald ?

*Ham.* Why even in that was heauen ordinant,  
 I had my fathers signet in my purse  
 Which was the modill of that Danish seale,  
 Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,  
 Subscribe it, gau'th' impression, plac'd it safely,

### Prince of Denmarke

The changling neuer knowne : now the  
 Was our Sea fight, and what to this was  
 Thou knowest already.

*Hora.* So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* go

*Ham.* They are not neere my conscience  
 Dooes by their owne insinuation grow  
 Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
 Betweene the passe and fell incenced passion  
 Of mighty opposits.

*Hora.* Why what a King is this !

*Ham.* Dooes it not thinke thee stand  
 He that hath kild my King, and whor'd  
 Pop't in betweene th' election and my hope  
 Throwne out his Angle for my proper  
 And with such cunage, i't not perfect

*Enter a Courtier.*

*Cour.* Your Lordship is right welcom

*Ham.* I humble thanke you sir.

Dooest know this water fly ?

*Hora.* No my good Lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious  
 He hath much land and fertill : let a bee  
 Crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis  
 Ouse in the possession of durt.

*Cour.* Sweete Lord, if your Lordship  
 impart a thing to you from his Maie

*Ham.* I will receaue it sir withall di  
 to his right vse, tis for the head.

*Cour.* I thanke your Lordship, it is

*Ham.* No belieue me, tis very cold

*Cour.* It is indifferet cold my Lord

*Ham.* But yet me thinkes it is very

tion.

*Cour.* Exceedingly my Lord, it is  
 not tell how : my Lord his Maie

has layed a great wager on your head

*Ham.* I beseech you remember.

*Cour.* Nay good my Lord for my ear  
 com to Court *Larres*, belieue me an